

*Alon &  
appian*  
Doo forsooth euermore in our eternall see  
The goddess haue in houre presence  
Fully deuyled through theyr deyte  
And hooly concluded by hir Influence  
That by theyr myght and Iuste prudence  
The loue of hym by grace and eke fortune  
Withoute chaunge shall euermore containe

Of whiche graunte the Temple enuyron  
Thruogh hye comfort of theym y<sup>e</sup> were present  
A none was gone with a melodious song  
In name of tho that trouth in loue ment  
A balade newe in full goode intent  
Wofore the goddess with notes loude and clere  
Synngnge right this anone as ye shall here

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fayrest of sterres that with our persault lyght  
And with the cherisynge of your strems clere  
Causen in loue hertes to be lyght

by synngnge of your glad spere  
and pyce O venus lady dere  
me that haue without synne  
unfortuned his lady to to wyne

anete O desperus so bryght  
wofull hertes can anete and stete

O myghty goddesse day sterre after nyght  
Gladdynge the morowe whan ye doo appere  
To voyde darknes by freshnes of your syght  
Donly with twynklyng of your plesaunt chere  
To pouwe thanke louers that ben here  
That ye this man and neuer for to twynne  
Fortuned haue his lady for to twynne

And with the noyse and heuenly melodye  
With that they made in her ermony  
Through oute the temple for this mans sake  
Out of my slepe anone I dyd awake  
And for astonyed knewe as tho no rede  
For soden chaunge oppressed with drede  
My thought was cast in a trannce  
So cleue away was tho my remembraunce  
Of all my dreame wherof grete thought and wo  
I had in herte and nyte what was to do  
For heurnes for that I had lost the syght  
Of her that I all the longe nyght  
Had decined of in myn aduylsion  
Wherof I made grete lamentacyon  
By cause I had neuer in my lyfe before  
Saw one so fayer syth I was bozne  
For loue of whom soo I can endyte  
I porpose here to make and wyte

And therewith all as I myn eyen caste  
Fe to perryue the maner of these twayne  
Tofore the goddes mekely as they paste  
We thought I sawe with a golden cheyne  
Venus anone embrace and constrayne  
But both hertes in one for to perseuere  
Whyles that they lyue and neuer to disuere

¶ .yenge right thus with a benynge chere  
Sith it is so ye be vnder my myght  
My wyll is thus that ye my daughter dere  
Full accept this man as it is right  
Unto your grace anone here in my syght  
That euer hath ben soo lowly you to serue  
It is goode skyll your thanke that he deserue

your honour sauf and also your womanhede  
Hym to cherysshe it syttet you right welle  
Syth he is bounde vnder hope and drede  
Amyd my cheyne that forged is of stele  
ye must of mercy shape that he fele  
you som graced of his longe seruyse  
nd that in hast lyke as I shall decyfe

This is to say that ye take hede  
How he to you oft saythfull it and true  
Of all your seruautes & no thyng for his mede

wherfore ye must or els it were wronge  
Unto your grace fully hym receyue  
In my presence by cause he hath soo longe  
Hooly ben yours as ye may conceyue  
That from your mercy yf ye hym weyue  
I wyll my selfe recorde cruelte  
In your prysone and grete lacke of pyte

Lete hym for his trouthe fynde thanne agayn  
For longe scruple gerdon hym whith grace  
And late your pyte weye down his payn  
Or tyme is now daunger to arace  
Dute of your hert and mercy in to space  
And loue for loue wolde wel be seme  
To yue agayne and this I playnly deme

nd as for hym I wyll be his borowe  
If lowlyhede and besy attendaunce  
Or I shall be bothe eue and morewe  
All diligent to doon his observaunce  
And eke a waytynge you to pleysaunce  
I praye my sonne listen and take hede  
Ally to bepe as I shall the rede

And first of all my wyll is that thou be  
pyth in hert and constant as a wall  
And humblye meke and therwith all secre  
thout chaunce here to make and wyte

An. furthermoze haue in reuerence  
These wiſhyen all for thy ladye ſake  
And ſuffre neuer that men hem doo offence  
For loue of one but euermoze vnder take  
Hem to defende whether they ſlepe or wake  
And ay be redy to holden them partye  
Aye. All tho that to hem haue enye

Be curteys ay and lowly of thy ſpeche  
To ryche and poure ay freſche and well beſeigne  
And cuer beſy wayes for to ſeche  
All true louers to releas of their payne  
Syth thou art one of noo wight haue diſdayne  
For loue hath power hertes for to daunte  
And neuer for cheryſynge the to moche auaunte

Be luſty cke boyd of all tryſteſſe  
And take no thought but cuer be Iocounde  
And not to penſyſ for none heuynes  
By gladnes lets ſadnes ay be found  
Chethete myſth moſte habounde  
reth and though thou ſele ſmert  
any knowe of thyn hert  
nes beſely thou ſue

And whether thou be absent or in presence  
None others beaute let in thy herte myne  
Sith I haue yeeue her of beaute excellence  
Above all others in vertue for to thyne  
And thynke howe in fyre men at wont to fyne  
This pyred gold to put hit in assaye  
Soo to the proue thou art put in delaye

But tyme shall comethou shalt for thy suffraunce  
Be well apayde and take for thy mede  
Thy lyues ioye and all thy suffsaunce  
Soo that good hope alwaye the brydeill lede  
Lette noo dyspeyr hyndre the with drede  
But ay thy trust vpon her mercy grounde  
Syth none but she may thy sorowe sounde

E. he houre and tyme / wecke and yere  
Be lyke saythfull and barye nat for lyte  
A yde a whyle and thenne of thy desyre  
The tyme neyghet that shall the moun  
And lette noo sorowe in thy herte d  
For noo dyscrepyng syth thou for th  
Shal reioyse in pees the flour of wo.

Thynke how she is this worldes son

Soo full of hertue and so gracyous  
A woman, yede and mercyfull pyte  
chis symple treatyse for to take in gre  
Tyll I haue leyzer vnto her hye renoun  
for to expowne my forsayd bysponn  
And tell in playne the sygnysaunce  
As it cometh to my remembraunce  
So that here after my ladye may it loke  
Howe goodly waye thou lytill rude boke  
To hir presence as I the commaunde  
And fyrst of alle thou me recomaunde  
Unto hir and to hir excellence  
And praye to hir it be none offence  
If any word in the be myllayd  
Beseeching her she be not euill apayd  
for as hir lyst I wyll the eft correcte  
than that hir lyketh agaynwarde the dyrecte  
I mene that benygne and goodly of face  
to goe thy waye and put the in her grace

the Temple of glas.

by Rycharde Dynslow





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